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VOLUME LXXVII—NO. 30.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1908.

A STATE PRINTING JOB.

"Without justification" is the deliberately expressed judgment of the Governor as to the contract to print the statutes of 1895 and the statutes passed by the Legislature since that year at an expense of about \$50,000. Says the Governor: "For this expenditure I am utterly at a loss to see any advantage to the State. The bar is not demanding it, the courts are not demanding it, and the people will get no benefit from it." As a remedy the Governor suggests that the matter be adjusted in some way by the Governor and the financial officers and the appointment of a commission to revise the general statutes before the next legislative session.

Many printing contracts have been made by authority of the Legislature for the purpose of fattening the printer or helping to pay profit on a publication. The incidents of "Smith's History" and Sackett's "Battles of Trenton," for which the State paid roundly, may be recalled. The sessional laws of 1895 and of subsequent years have already been published in bound volumes, and, as the Governor observes, the contract to which the State is committed at such a heavy cost is practically for their republication.

MR. BRYAN'S VISIT TO NEWARK.

Mr. Bryan's speech in Carnegie Hall last night may be regarded as a foretaste of the address he will make in Newark tomorrow night under the auspices of the Progressive Democratic League. It was in Mr. Bryan's characteristic vein. The first appearance of the Nebraska statesman in Newark was in 1896, when the 16 to 1 campaign was on and the country was ablaze with controversy on the currency question. A vast crowd thronged to hear the orator, and the greetings he received were almost passionate. Again in 1900 Mr. Bryan as the Democratic candidate visited Newark, but that time his reception was more subdued. When he again visited our city on the occasion of his return from Europe Mr. Bryan was cordially received and met courtesies on every side. There was no politics in that visit.

This time Mr. Bryan is to appear in Newark as a candidate for a third nomination for President, and the visit is distinctly a political one, but it will command the general interest that attaches to the presence of any man of national fame in our city, and it is proper that the city's chief executive should recognize, in some official way, a visitor distinguished at home and abroad.

AN "INLAND WATERWAYS COMMISSIONER."

What particular duties a "Commissioner of Inland Waterways" would have to perform can probably be explained by Senator Hand, of Cape May, who has fathered a bill for the creation of a commissioner at the moderate salary of \$2,000. No doubt, too, Senator Hand has in his mind's eye the identical man who can fit into the commissionership like a bug in a rug, and never fail to draw his salary.

The State owns a fine gasoline launch, named the Protector, which has been mostly used by pleasure parties. A commissioner of inland waterways will certainly need a launch, for by what other means could he traverse the inland waterways, the inlets and bays and sounds for the purpose of inspection? Here is a vessel equipped and ready for him. As the Fish and Game Commission has no jurisdiction in salt waters, vide the statement of the late president, secretary and treasurer, it can surrender the launch to Senator Hand's commissioner of inland waterways, and then, of course, there will be no private pleasure parties at the cost of the State. But still the question occurs, why a commissioner of inland waterways?

CENTRE MARKET AS IT IS.

Centre Market as it is today is not adapted for the amount of traffic that is done. The accommodations belong to a past generation. There is room neither for the stand-owners nor the public. The aisles are too narrow, and on busy days and nights they are congested with people. The plaza for the market wagons is well filled on market days, and as the market wagon traffic must increase it is not policy to encroach on that space. But something should be done to enlarge the market accommodations.

The ground occupied by Centre Market is valuable for general business purposes, or it could be converted into a broad thoroughfare, from Broad street to the river, to relieve the travel on Market street. That improvement would depend upon the future of the Morris Canal. As originally planned the canal was to have its terminus on the Passaic at Belleville, and it is practicable to return to that plan and remove the canal entirely from Newark, which would not only enable the city to establish a new location for Centre Market and utilize the ground, but would also create much valuable real estate for tax assessment. The development of improved public market facilities should not be lost sight of in the plans discussed for municipal betterments.

TAXING AUTOMOBILISTS.

In whatever it may do toward increasing the license fees of automobilists, the Legislature should avoid taxing the traffic more than it will bear. The motor vehicle has now become an established institution, and the spirit of enmity toward it that was once manifested, particularly in rural sections, has been dissipated by familiarity with the machine. But it is a fact that the speeding auto does considerable damage to Jersey's fine roads, and a moderate tax to go to keeping the roads in repair is only fair. This auto owners, resident and non-resident, will willingly pay. There would be danger, as the New York Times points out, of driving away much good money spent along the roads by non-resident automobilists if the burden of taxation is piled up too high. And they spend a good deal in one way or another among the communities in the line of their outings. So, from a selfish point of view, as well as from a sense of justice, it will not do to exceed moderation in fixing the autoist's license fee.

FAIR LEGISLATIVE PROGRESS.

The Legislature is much further advanced in its business at the close of the fourth week's session than was any previous Legislature at the same time in many years. Majority Leader Martin in the House has done much to expedite the work in that branch, but the general disposition seems to be to get down to hard work as soon as possible and make some kind of a record, if political bumper can be kept out of the two houses at this session.

WHY THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE?

A really good bill introduced in the Senate by Senator Wakelee permits two or more municipalities to unite for the establishment of a district court, to have the civil jurisdiction so greatly abused by justices of the peace. The larger municipalities have district courts and enjoy a system of petty justice that the smaller municipalities cannot afford singly to establish. But why the obsolete and thoroughly discredited justice of the peace system is retained, even by the plan of judicial reorganization proposed by the special commission, is hard to understand.

CARELESS.



Houseslot: "That is a bad cold you have, Subbuts!"
Subbuts: "Yes, and I came away from the house this morning without my overshoes, too."

WELL NAMED.



"Have you seen the new dance called 'the automobile'?"
"No. Sort of a breakdown, I suppose."

"COMING DOWN WITH A HEAVY JAR."



ANIMAL MAGNETISM.



Judge Fowler: "Speak up now! How did you come by those chickens?"
Rastus Henshaw: "Dat's jes' de trouble. Couldn't get by dem no-how, sah."

SEE A PIN, PICK IT UP AND ALL THE DAY YOU'LL HAVE LUCK

Fair Woman Is Not Superstitious, but She Will Adhere to Some Foolish Signs—Said to Be an Outgrowth of Witchcraft.

BY LOU KENDALL.

"HERE, don't walk under that ladder," I heard a woman say sharply the other day on Academy street.

"Why not?" asked her companion, who seemed inclined to go immediately and do it. "Is there still another of your superstitions attached to the poor inoffensive ladder?"

I followed slowly, for I was interested in ferreting out human frailties, and foresaw some food for meditation.

"No, but it really is sure to bring misfortune," said the first speaker. "I never walked under a ladder but once and that was the day before that real Satsuma vase was broken, and I've never dared to walk under a ladder since."

"Stuff and nonsense," retorted speaker number two. "You dropped the vase yourself and it seems to me that walking outside the ladder the day before would not have saved it. You are nearly a nervous wreck now, Mary, from indulging in your foolish beliefs, and I, for one, intend to reach a green and peaceful old age by letting what is going to happen happen, and not worry over supernatural causes."

And then, what do you suppose that very person did? A pin was lying on the sidewalk, and she turned around so that she might pick it up with the head towards her. And so it goes with all of us. We pooch-pooch the foolish beliefs of our friends, and yet who of us does not harbor some little faint fear of certain coincidences deep down in our consciousness? We are supposed to be sensible people, yet who does not involuntarily hesitate about sitting at table with twelve friends. Yet it is not unreasonable to suppose that during a year some one of such a large number should be taken away. But that is not considered. It is the awful number thirteen, and so the superstition continues to such a degree that certain people will not live in a house of that number, or ride in a street car with figures that add up to thirteen.

The housewife watches the cat washing her ears, and prepares for company. The sun sets clear on Friday night and we look for rain before Monday. We put the scissors under our pillows to cure rheumatism. We turn around three times and sit down when returning for a forgotten article, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

And what is superstition, where did it come from and why is it inherent in each one of us? It seems to be an outgrowth of witchcraft, and the ancient belief in demons who were supposed to hold a middle place between men and the celestial deities. They played an important part in the oldest religions of the East, and were an element in the worship of the primitive races. They were supposed to foretell good or bad news, and sometimes became the guarding genies of men, manifesting themselves in animals and even inanimate objects. Usually each person was attended by a good and an evil genius. In the ancient Egyptian religion Typhon (or Set) was the manifestation of the idea of evil, while Osiris was that of good, and they are abundantly illustrated in the early sculptures.

In Homer they are not distinguished from the gods and the names are applied to the Olympian divinities. From these there developed the different spirits which controlled the actions of men and women, who were called wizards and witches. In later days poor innocent people believed to be possessed of these evil spirits were put to death by their townspeople excited by a frenzy of fear. In our own New England, this was exemplified in the torture of the Salem witches two hundred years ago. We are glad to feel assured that progress will never again allow such atrocities, and perhaps we will, in the dim distant future lose our pet superstitions and live logically and in order.

SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

"Miss Gobble seems like a pleasant person to talk to."
"Indeed? She doesn't seem to think so."

"Why, how do you mean?"
"She seems to think she's a pleasant person to listen to."

HIS BEST WORD.

"Now that we're all through, dear," said the dear little bride, "I want to tell you a great secret. I prepared all this dinner myself! What do you think of it?"
"Well, dear," replied the brute, "the grape fruit were fine."

BREADTH WITHOUT LENGTH.

"Why didn't you sing your new song?"
"Was it too long?"
"No, dear, too broad."

TESTING HIS KNOWLEDGE.

Grandpa—Now, Jack, what's the plural of penny?
Jack—Two cents.

THE LATEST.

Where did the Flamingo?
Why, to see the Sun-fish.

MORE THAN FAMILIAR.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Nextdoor, "is positively delighted with her new piano. She's quite familiar, you know, with all the classical composers."
"Familiar?" exclaimed Mrs. Pepprey, "why, she's positively flippant!"—Philadelphia Press.

NOT MUCH TIME LEFT.

He—I suppose you visited all the points of interest while you were abroad?
She—No. We were so busy addressing postcards to our friends that we hadn't time to do much sight-seeing.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Gumbusta—A bursting hose recently caused Mrs. de Style a loss of three thousand dollars.
Mrs. Gumbusta—Serves her right! That's an awful lot of money to keep in one's stocking.

LAUTER-HUMANA RECITAL

Lauter Warerooms, 657-659 Broad Street, Newark

Friday, February 7, 1908, at 3 o'clock

PROGRAM

Mr. George H. Madison - Soloist

The Celebrated Bass of New York

Mr. E. P. H. Allen at the Lauter-Humana

1. Scherzo B Flat Minor, Op. 31 Chopin
2. Vocal Jean H. T. Burleigh
3. (a) April (Study) Julian Pascal
(b) Etude Op. 10, No. 5 Black Key Chopin
4. Vocal Border Ballad F. H. Cowen
5. Polonaise Brillante Op. 175, No. 1 Loeschorn
6. Vocal Robin Hood (Armorer's Song) de Koven
7. The Last Rose of Summer Ascher

THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED

After the Recital, opportunity will be given visitors to play upon the Lauter-Humana for themselves.

MEN BORED BY CONFIDENCE INSINUATES GIRL IN GRAY

Engaged Young Women Must Not Put Her Fiance on the Pedestal. Jealousy Goes Hand in Hand With Love.

BY ADA LYNN.

"I HAVE never seen her equal," declared one girl of another between the acts of the matinee one day last week; "she does not think, she is having a good time unless she makes a conquest of every man she meets."

"Yes, and she does not mind in the least whether the man belongs to another girl or not," came vindictively from a blond girl who held a dainty lynx tongue on her lap. "Some girls may think it's smart to gain a reputation as regular heart-breakers, but my opinion is that any girl who would deliberately flirt with her friend's fiance ought to be ashamed of herself, she added, closing her opera glass case with a sharp click.

"Has she been trifling with your Harry?" asked a demure girl in gray. "Indeed not," cried the blonde, indignantly. "I'd like to see her try. She'd get it good and proper. Harry isn't her sort."

"Really," and there was a tantalizing infection of inquiry in the voice of the girl in gray. She gazed pensively at her program for a fraction of a minute then. "How different he must be from most men. It must be comforting to be able to trust him so completely. I suppose he appreciates your confidence," and there was just a suspicion of a twinkle beneath the long eyelashes as she seemed to become absorbed in rereading the cast of characters.

"What do you mean?" cried the blonde, sitting very erect. "You are the meanest girl I know, with your insinuating remarks. Just as if I wouldn't trust Harry under any circumstances, and just as if he wouldn't appreciate it."

"One would almost think you were angry," remarked the girl in gray, evenly. "Have I said anything to offend?"

"Oh, no, you are one of those who know how to say things without really saying them, so that they leave a wound without giving people an opportunity to get back at you," answered the blonde, by this time thoroughly incensed, "and if you say another word I'll walk out this very minute!"

"What a pity to miss the play after buying your own ticket!" said the demure one, whose delight in the ire of the other was plain to all who sat near. Her last remark was too much for the blonde, who gathered bonbons, handkerchief, gloves and opera glasses together, shoved them in a gay little silk bag, pinned on her lynx tongue and stalked out, winning anathemas from the women over whose laps she had to crawl.

"Now see what you have done," whispered the first girl, who had been a silent listener; "she's as angry as can be."

"Well, I just don't care," said the girl in gray, "all you hear from her is 'Harry, Harry, Harry,' and she's so jealous of him that I believe she would accuse her own grandmother of trying to alienate his affections. And he is not a bit better than any other man," she added, "and I know for a fact that he had a flirtation with the very girl we were talking about before Elsie got on her dignity."

"What do you think of her, the flirty girl, I mean?" asked the other.

"Well, she's as pretty as can be, and she has a 'winnin' way with her. I know she is having the time of her life just now, but some day she'll wake up to find herself old and unmarried and unloved. She takes men's fancy, but they seldom marry or think for very long about her fancies, do they? Hush, the curtain's going up," and they subsided into silence.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE CORN.

"I hate to tell you this, George," said Miss Roxley, "but pa says he thinks you're a mere fortune-hunter."

"In a sense, that's true, my dear," replied Mr. Mainchantz, "for your face is your fortune and that's what attracts me."—Philadelphia Press.

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